

ROME Preserv'd:

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from the FRENCH of

M. De V O L T A I R E.

—————*Hinc procul addit*
Sartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia ditis ;
Et scelerum pœnas ; & te CATILINA, minaci
Pendentem scopulo, furiarumq ; ora trementem.

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATILINE,	LENTULUS,
CICERO,	CATO,
CÆSAR,	MARTIAN,
CETHEGUS,	CLODIUS,

WOMEN.

AURELIA.

SENATORS, CONSPIRATORS, Chief LICTORS,
FREEDMEN, LICTORS.

SCENE the Capitol at ROME.



DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

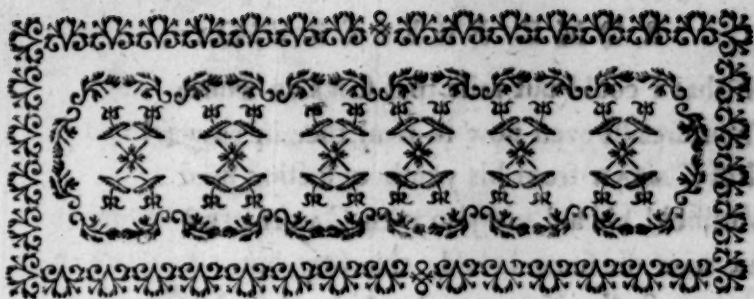
M. M. M.

CATILINA	MENTULUS
CICERO	CATO
CESSAR	MARTIAN
CELTIGUS	CLODIUS



SENATORS, COMMISSARIES, ORATORES,
FRONTIS, JACOBS

SCENE the Capitol at ROME.



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A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

CATILINE *is seen sitting at a table with a list of the
prescrib'd in his hand.*

CATILINE.

✠ ✠ ✠ AIS'D by a rabble vile to power supreme

✠ R ✠ Proud orator expect a sudden fall ;

✠ ✠ ✠ CATO thou rigid, thou presumptuous stoick,

✠ ✠ ✠ Thy age's foe and pest of human kind,

Thy ruin is decreed, thy hour's at hand,

Senate of tyrants who enslave the world,

Your tombs are open'd and your chains prepar'd.

Imperious POMPEY with thy hated blood

Fain would I quench thy glories flame usurped !

B

Oh

2 ROME PRESERV'D:

Oh that I could but raise that CÆSAR whom
Thou dreadst even now to rival thee in power !
Must CÆSAR from his youth to faction bred
Withhold his aid nor join with CATILINE ?
But now the snare is laid, this very day
CÆSAR shall raise me to the throne I seek ;
I ev'ry instrument must now employ,
From CICERO the object of my hate
To my belov'd AURELIA—in this hour
Of terrors, she with faithful tenderness
My bloody projects to her best promotes.
Whate'er I have shall be accomplice now,
Even love with my ambition shall conspire.
Dear, sacred names of husband and of fire
Vanish before the stronger love of power.

S C E N E II.

CATILINE *and* CETHEGUS.

CATILINE.

Faithful CETHEGUS whilst the shades of night
In darkness hide our destiny and Rome
Have you to council our associates call'd ?

CETHEGUS.

Soon to this place to CICERO unknown,
Beneath this portico, hard by the Temple,
The impious Temple where a tyrant senate
Rules with an iron rod this wretched land,
They have renew'd their oaths and plighted faith.
But say, is all prepar'd, is CÆSAR ours ?
Will he assist the party which he loves ?

CATILINE,

A TRAGEDY

3

CATILINE.

That dangerous man acts only for himself.

CETHEGUS.

Our enterpize without him would be vain :

CÆSAR must second you——

CATILINE.

———Tis all my wish,

A chosen band of soldiers I have sent
In CÆSAR's name Preneste to surprize,
CÆSAR's suspected and I must succeed.
Soon by the consul's zeal he'll be accus'd
And then he'll hazard all to be reveng'd.
The rage of CÆSAR's terrible when rous'd,
The Lion sleeps, but soon he'll roar aloud
And make the forest tremble at his voice ;
The Consuls self shall stimulate his wrath,
And thus our foes shall combat on our side.

CETHEGUS.

But now Preneste is by NONNIUS ruled :
His patriot-zeal you know, to tempt is vain :
How must we then decide of NONNIUS' fate.

CATILINE.

I hold his daughter dear, you know it well :
I love AURELIA but defy her fire,
When first he knew the passion she conceiv'd
For me—when first her sentiments he learn'd
He strove to thwart our amorous vows in vain,
At length consenting to our union, still
He weakly fear'd his party to offend.
He dreaded CICERO, but with address
I made his weakness with my vows conspire:
I made him swear our marriage should remain

4 ROME PRESERV'D;

A secret—you and LENTULUS alone
Are privy to our ties on which depend
The happy issue of our enterprize.
AURELIA's palace to the temple leads
Our steps—I thither have myself convey'd
The arms and torches, instruments of death.
Our marriage is the pledge of sure success,
Love is my best accomplice—in the face
Of Gods by a detested foe ador'd,
Under the Senate's walls, beneath it's vault
Shall all our tyrants victims fall to death.

*[He speaks to the conspirators, who appear at the
lower end of the stage.]*

Speed to Preneste where our arm'd friends.
With CÆSAR's name now colour their designs;
Speed hence with haste, take NONNIUS unprepar'd,
You to the capitol without delay
With all our valiant veterans advance.

[To Cethegus,

With a chief's eye do thou direct the whole.

SCENE III.

AURELIA and CATILINE.

AURELIA.

Ah! calm the horrors which have seiz'd my soul,
Dear husband wipe away AURELIA's tears.
Just heaven how full of horrors is my mind!
Trembling I follow in this darksome round.
The soldiers whom I see increase my dread:
Torches and arms are to my palace brought.

What

· · · A T R A G E D Y. · · ·

5

What danger threatens us? are Marius' days,
Is Sylla's bloody age return'd once more?
Wherefore that lowering brow, why do you turn
Your blood-shot eyes to heaven nor look upon me.
By all my love, even by those secret ties
Which join our destiny, our hearts, our love—
In our son's name, a name to both so dear—
I speak not of his mother's dangers now,
Alas! I dread no dangers but your own:
Compassionate the pangs which tear my heart;
Explain yourself——

CATILINE.

—— The sacred rights of honour,
My safety and your own, the common cause
Require these preparations which you dread.
If you sincerely love me, if your heart
Be mine, pass o'er in silence what you see,
The cause of noblest Romans I espouse,
The senate and the people now contend,
Sedition reigns throughout the land, whilst I
Take the best measures for the public good.

AURELIA,

'Tis what I wish, but should these words deceive,
Can we then hide our hearts from those we love?
I feel new horrors at each word you speak,
Your eyes roll wildly with a dismal glare.
What will my father say when he beholds
These horrid preparations—oft the names,
Of fire and daughter he unmov'd has heard,
His country's love engrossing all his soul.
He disapproves our union, and my bliss
Appears a crime to his offended eyes.

H

ROME PRESERV'D:

He now prepares to quit Preneste's walls.
Good heavens what object shall salute his eyes !
Dear husband do not thus abuse the power
Which love has given you o'er my faithful heart.
You have a party, but my fire, but Rome,
The Consul, CICERO, the Gods themselves
The adverse party have embrac'd, perhaps
NONNIUS this day your ruin may effect.

CATILINE.

No, fear him not, he will not come to day.]

AURELIA.

How say you——

CATLINE.

———to the walls of Rome

Without respect both for his son and daughter
He'll ne'er approach—I'll not explain myself.
But still remember that his interest
In every circumstance is join'd with mine.
Believe me, when with him I share the spoils
Gain'd by just projects and in freedoms cause,
He gladly in my presence will renounce
The haughty tyrants whom he now obeys.
Trust to my cares, I'll open to you both
A source of greatness which shall never fail.

AURELIA.

The glory's doubtful but the danger sure.
Ah! wherefore would you then controul your fate ?
Can't it suffice that you in peace and war
Are rank'd with potent sov'reigns, at whose nod
The trembling world implicitly obeys ?
Why will you thus aspire to fall from high ?

Dismal

A TRAGEDY.

7

Dismal Forebodings harrow up my soul,
 Too much I've lov'd my yoke, is this the peace,
 This the repose my fond, mistaken heart
 Hop'd for in vain?—the Gods have punish'd me
 And peace is banish'd from my anxious breast.
 Soon as my eyes in transient slumbers close,
 Rome in a blaze I see, the murderous blade
 By ruffians wav'd, deaths, tortures, floods of gore
 That deluge all the streets—I see my fire
 In the full senate massacred—yourself
 Surrounded by a troop with fury fir'd
 Breathing your last upon a heap of slain,
 My blood pour'd out from wounds your hand had given
 Your spouse in fine expiring by your side.
 I rise, from these dire images I fly,
 I run, I call you midst the shades of night,
 Alas! when found, you plunge me once again
 Into that dreadful gulph of woes presag'd.

CATILINE.

Dreams cannot scare the soul of CATILINE;
 Not murmurs vain but courage is requir'd,
 When I prepare to serve the state and you.

AURELIA.

Ah! cruel man is't thus you serve the state?
 If your designs were generous, you sure
 Would not conceal them from your faithful spouse
 Our common interest claim'd this confidence;
 I justly may suspect you if you feign:
 You rush on ruin—CICERO whom Rome
 Reveres as tho' her guardian deity
 Suspects you——

CATILINE,

87 ROME PRESERV'D:

CATILINE.

——His suspicions I despise.

SCENE IV.

MARTIAN, AURELIA, CATILINE.

MARTIAN.

The Consul to this fatal place draws nigh
The senate by his order is to meet,
Something to you he would impart——

AURELIA.

——New dread
Seizes my soul, to hear this sudden order.

CATILINE.

Can then the name of CICERO inspire
My wife with fear? Let NONNIUS bend the knee
And prostitute his rank to please the Consul.
I look for nobler sentiments from you.
Forget not that your ever-fam'd fore-fathers
Their masters chose at will, at will depos'd.
Can then a woman sprung from NERO's blood
Be thus a stranger to ambitious pride?
Great minds will still aspire——

AURELIA.

——You think me weak,
You think that cruelty alone's intrepid;
You even reproach me with my tender fears!
The Consul comes, farewell, you'll know me soon:
You soon shall see this wife whom you despise,

Who

A TRAGEDY.

9

Who cannot change, who cannot move your heart,
Is more than you a Roman and can die.

CATILINE.

How many various sorrows tear my heart!
I see the Consul come but see unaw'd.

SCENE V.

CICERO *and* CATILINE.

CICERO.

Before the Senate meets, I come once more
To break if possible your strong delusion,
And make you shun the ruin that impends.

CATILINE.

What you——

CICERO.

——Myself.

CATILINE.

——Thus than your friendship.

CICERO.

——Rather say my pity,

With fruitless clamours and with loud complaint
You long have made the capitol resound.
You say that Rome disgrac'd the power supreme,
When she conferr'd the consulship on me.
Thou vile competitor how couldst thou dare
To seek that place, a place to virtue due.
Could then your courage, could your noble birth,
Could your ambitious prodigality,
The feasts your luxury profuse bestow'd

C

Supply

10 ROME PRESERV'D:

Supply the place of merits, make you hope
 To rule a people born to reign o'er kings?
 I would perhaps have yielded, had you shewn
 A Virtue equal to so high a rank,
 You might have been Rome's prop; e'er you claim
 The consulship, become a citizen.
 Think you to sap my glory and my power
 Whilst thus you vilify my birth and mock
 The cares I take to save the land from ruin?
 In this corrupted age, this time of danger,
 Rome wants not names, tis virtue she requires,
 Virtue is all my glory, and I claim
 No honour from my ancestors renown:
 The grandeur of my race in me begins,
 Beware least that of yours should end in you.

CATILINE.

Thou sovereign of a year, thou dost presume
 Too much upon a transitory power.

CICERO.

Thou now wouldst groan in chains, if I had us'd
 That power; thou ever art the villain's prop,
 From sacrilege our altars are not safe,
 Assassination is your horrid toy;
 You brave all perils and you break all laws,
 And were it not for me might well be fear'd.
 The talents which the Gods endow'd you with,
 To vilest purposes you have abus'd;
 Address and courage, genius, eloquence
 Are all in you the instruments of crime.
 My eyes still watchful for the public good
 From you I turn'd aside, nor did my voice

Fear'd

Fear'd by the bold and by the weak implor'd
With Verres yet rank CATILINE—but now
Become more daring by impunity
You have attempted to subvert the state.
Thro' Tuscany and Rome disorder reigns:
Ombria takes arms, Preneste is besieg'd,
For carnage Sylla's soldiers thirst again.
And quitting their retreat rush on to slaughter,
Mallius has armed their audacious hands;
The guilty partners of their bloody deed
Are your abettors secret or declar'd.
Full well I know you are the rebels chief;
All your designs lie open to my view;
Know there are still true Roman citizens,
And your vile followers shall shortly feel
The justice which they fear and would destroy.
In me whom once you thought your rival, now
Your judge and your accuser you behold.
Before the dread tribunal of the law,
I soon will make you answer to my charge.

CATILINE.

My lord, I've said already that your place
Suits ill with such injurious terms as these;
But I o'er look your groundless jealousy
In favour of the state our common care.
Nay I approve your zeal which tho' unjust
Deserves respect since shewn in such a cause.
The follies of my youth you should forget,
The Senate set the dire example, now
Courage succeeds to blind temerity.

12 ROME PRESERV'D:

This luxury^a and this excess that spring
From greatness should be charged upon the times.
Consider that this hand has serv'd the state,
In Asia tribune and in Africk pretor
Midst all our luxury and factions fierce,
I've made Rome dreaded, and could I who once
Defended her abroad, betray at home?

CICERO.

Sylla and Marius Rome in ashes laid,
Yet better might have made that boast than you.
Tyrants have still some outward shew of virtue,
Laws they support at first and then destroy.

CATILINE.

If ev'ry able warrior you distrust,
CÆSAR and POMPEY, Crasus you should charge:
Why fix you still on me your jealous eyes?
Amongst so many formidable chiefs
Must I alone incur suspicion? Why
Am I thus singled out? Can this be just?

CICERO.

Full well you know tis what you have deserv'd.

CATILINE.

T' excuse myself is to descend too low;
All my defence but irritates you more.
If you address me as a friend you err,
Know CICERO I ever was thy foe:
If as a citizen you meet me here,
I am a citizen as well as you:
If as a Consul still I'm not your slave,
And in the open Senate will defy you.

CICERO.

A TRAGEDY.

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CICERO.

I there preside to punish guilt, beware.
But tho' I am the object of your hate
I will protect you if you'r innocent.
If you are innocent quit Rome——

CATILINE.

———No more ;

Too long I've suffer'd your injurious zeal ;
But tho' I've borne so many insults, know
I'd think it the excess of infamy
To be protected by a man like you.

SCENE VI.

CICERO.

Does then the traitor insolently think
By arrogance to clear himself from crime ?
Not all thy art perfidious man shall hide,
Thy secret motions from my prying eyes.

SCENE VII.

CICERO *and* CATO.

CICERO.

CATO, is Rome defended from the foe ?

CATO.

Your orders are obey'd, my vigilance
Has call'd together all those valiant knights
Who to your standard will repair the first ;
The people and the Senate still I dread.

CICERO.

The Senate ! ——

CATO

ROME PRESERV'D:

CATO.

——With its greatness frantic grown
Midst faction forges chains to bind itself.

CICERO.

Rome's vices have reveng'd the vanquish'd world,
Our liberty now totters to it's fall.
But CATO lives, we should not yet despair.

CATO.

Who serves his country oft is ill-repay'd,
Your shining merit has provok'd the Senate
Who with a jealous eye its lustre sees.

CICERO.

CATO's esteem shall be my recompence,
I from the injustice of so base an age
To thee and to posterity appeal.
Let's do our duty, Heaven will do the rest.

CATO.

But how can we resist the torrents rage?
When in this temple to fair virtue sacred
I see vile treason march with front erect.
Who can believe that rebel Mallius
A tribune of the soldiers would presume
To wage a civil war and to approach
With impious steps towards this hallow'd rampart?
Could he foment such dangerous leagues if not
Supported by the aid of those in power:
If some successor of our antient tyrants
Did not in secret blow dissention's flame?
Perhaps the Senators betray their trust.
From Sylla's ashes tyrants may arise,
My first suspicions were on CÆSAR fix'd:
Tis CÆSAR I accuse——

CICERO.

CICERO.

———And CATILINE

Eager for faction, plots and innovation
Fierce and extravagant, and full of guile,
More dangerous than CÆSAR I esteem,
More rash and daring but less generous;
Oft or by fraud conceal'd or open force
This rival vain my ruin has conspir'd.
But now he meditates some great attempt,
I fear not for myself but for the state.
He parted hence just now and in his face
In his discourse presumptuous fury reign'd,
A soul resolv'd and bent on desperate acts
He shew'd and spoke me like a foe declar'd,
I will prevent his rage———

CATO.

———Rome is deprav'd;

But one great man may ward impending fate.

CICERO.

If CATO seconds me, I must succeed,
With ease united villains we'll defeat.
CÆSAR may join them but I know his souls;
With noble fire the soul of CÆSAR glows:
His great ambition never will descend
To serve a tyrant of all virtue void.
No lord he'll bear in Rome which still he loves
But which in time I fear will feel his power.
If CATILINE can win him to his side,
If he gains CÆSAR, he will have a rival:
And to their discord Rome it's safety owe.
We must be brief, since thus by traitors brav'd,
Or else the empire of the world's enslav'd.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE II.

CATILINE *and* CETHEGUS

CATILINE.

THE hour draws near in which this daring hand
Rome and the world at once shall set on fire.

CETHEGUS.

Lets seize the fatal moment least it scape,
I in the Consuls heart had quickly plung'd
This dagger, had I but the least surmis'd
That he foresees the blow we meditate.

CATILINE.

A stroke so premature would but alarm
A people prone to change, would arm the Senate
Now undetermin'd and irresolute.
O'er all their heads the storm should burst at once:
Rome and the Consul should together fall
And the same ruin overwhelm them both,
Does LENTULUS approach——

CETHEGUS.

———You may depend
On LENTULUS, who with vain glory fir'd
Aspires to share with you the power supreme,

CATILINE.

Then let him feed on hopes, his valour blind
May be of service, but it wants a guide,
What says fierce CLODIUS?———

CETHEGUS.

A TRAGEDY.

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CETHEGUS.

—————CLODIUS if he could
Would crush the Roman idol, but his mind
Still hesitates—————

CATILINE.

—————Methinks I know his heart,
When I am master he'll declare himself,
But CÆSAR and AURLELIA vex my soul;
I fain would calm the one, the other win.

CETHEGUS.

CÆSAR indeed may give you just concern,
I never reckon'd on that haughty soul:
But can a weeping woman make you fear?
Regard not her remorse, or terrros vain.
You like a master love, her and her love
Conspires to forward all our great designs.

CATILINE.

Remorse possesses not my soul, much less
Unmanly fear or pity for the state,
The secret ties that bind me to a spouse
Whom I adore, an infant son, the tears
Of his sad mother and a heart that doats
Upon me and may pay for hapless love
By death—are subjects that awake my fear.
Shall I say more, th' unwilling homage which
Her virtue forces from my dauntless heart
That secret veneration which I strive
To hide and act the lordly husband's part,
Hence springs my trouble and that cruel conflict
Which combat fierce and carnage must appease.

D

CETHEGUS.

CETHEGUS.

Can she betray us?—

CATILINE.

—No, I know her heart.

But she has penetrated our designs,
 And the dire prospect has appall'd her soul.
 'Tis strange that Roman prejudice should still
 Enslave a soul instructed by myself.
 Oh Rome! Oh liberty! two powerful names,
 In my own house must Patriots then be found.

CETHEGUS.

Lets think of CÆSAR now, this precious time
 Should not be wasted on domestic cares,
 If CÆSAR to the voice of friendship deaf
 Refuse the offer'd greatness, must his name
 In the black list of the prescrib'd be plac'd?
 Must CÆSAR with the Consul be condemn'd?

CATILINE.

If all my artifice cannot prevail
 To make him an accomplice, in a word
 Should CÆSAR prove inflexible— we then
 An enemy so dreaded must dispatch.
 But LENTULUS hastes hither— in his eyes
 I read the agitation of his soul.

S C E N E II.

CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS.

LENTULUS.

Your legions now advance, but do you know
 What's acting here within these odious walls?

CATILINE

A TRAGEDY.

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CATILINE.

I know the Consul's dark distrust gives way
To fears call'd prudence by his vanity.
Perplex'd this pilot holds the helm of power,
And instant ruin dreads from ev'ry wind.
He drives at random, to the current yields,
And scarcely knows from whence the tempest comes.

LENTULUS.

He yet foresees the storm, for Roman knights
Have seiz'd the roads that lead to Mars's field,
Petreius has possess'd the Colline gate.
To Terracina and Preneste troops
Are sent—the Consul soon will know your arm.

CATILINE.

He'll know the hand when he receives the blow :
Rome in one hour shall be involv'd in flames :
The Consul's opposition will be vain.
Fear not the Senate, there division reigns,
With secret joy they will betray their chief
This factious monster with so many heads
Proud of nobility, of Conquests more,
Is tortur'd even to madness to behold,
The lords of earth respect an upstart vile :
LUCULLUS, CLODIUS and even CÆSAR's self
Like us cry out against his power supreme.
This haughty Samnite thinks to give them laws,
And in the Senate has more foes than I ;
CÆSAR and Crasus hate him, on my aim
And envy's power I for success depend
The Consul like a man expiring makes
A feeble effort soon to sink in death.

D 2

LENTULUS,

LENTULUS.

Tis true we hate him, but his eloquence
Is powerful and can captivate the heart,
Make envy pale with fear and hate subdued;
I fear him in the Senate——

CATILINE.

———Ev'ry where

I hear with scorn his loud, injurious cries,
Let him declaim till his last moment comes:
Applauded by the Senate let him die.
We must assemble now our valiant bands
Who with impatience wait the fatal hour.
Mean time encourage my desponding wife;
Make our great views familiar to her mind;
But keep her from this place for much I fear
Least love should drive her into wild despair.
This dreadful moment does not suit with tears,
Her rigid virtue causes my alarms.
CÆSAR approaches, leave me, for I mean
Once more to sound that fierce ambitious soul.

S C E N E III.

CATILINE *and* CÆSAR.

CATILINE.

And can it CÆSAR be, that you with whom
In Sylla's time I shar'd a common fate,
You whose great destiny my voice presag'd,
You born to be one day the first in Rome,
Are now at last become the first of slaves

To

To a Plebeian insolent and mean ?
I know it well you hate him and your eye
Can penetrate the project Rome revolves,
Then wherefore do you hesitate and why
Do you not help us to unbind our chains ?
The fate of all the world e'en now depends,
Can CÆSAR then stand by and see the change ?
Is then your jealousy of POMPEY ceas'd ?
Does CATO now no more excite your hate ?
And can you meanly at our altars serve
While CICERO the reins of empire holds ?
Whilst he who long upon Fibrena's banks
Obscurely dwelt is rais'd above you now ?
Still will you to these haughty tyrants bend ?
To soft LUCULLUS who of glory tir'd.
Wastes in voluptuous ease his life away :
To Crasus with his riches gorg'd, who still
Eagerly grasps at greater opulence.
Where-e'r you turn your eyes see Rome a prey
To vile corruption or to open force.
Behold these abject conquerors dispute
With factious rage the blood of vanquish'd nations,
Loudly the world your aid implores, will you
Bury your courage in inglorious sloth ?
Tis Rome that speaks will you not hear her voice ?
My proffer'd friendship why do you reject ?

CÆSAR.

If by the Senate you are hardly us'd
Your cause I will defend, you may command

My

22 ROME PRESERV'D:

My aid : tis all you can expect from me.

CATILINE.

And is your friendship then reduc'd to this,
Will you defend my cause by words alone?

CÆSAR.

Your projects I have weigh'd and will not thwart
I may applaud them but I cant embrace.

CATILINE.

I see your aim, you are resolv'd to stand
An unconcern'd spectator till success
Crown either party, then declare yourself
And reap the product of our civil war.

CÆSAR.

You much mistake me, I a danger wait
More worthy of my fierce, undaunted heart.
My hate for CATO and the jealousy
Which POMPEY's laurels to my soul impart,
The honour and the rank of CICERO,
Have fir'd my emulation ; to the Rhine
The Seine and Tagus conquest calls me now.

CATILINE.

O'er Rome first triumph, crown'd with victory
To morrow we may thither march together.

CÆSAR.

Your project's great, perhaps tis unadvis'd
Tis worthy of it's author, but it tends
To raise you and I therefore must reject it.

CATILINE.

Wherefore reject it ?——

CÆSAR

A TRAGEDY.

23

CÆSAR.

——CÆSAR ne'r shall stoop
To serve as substitute to CATILINE.

CATILINE.

To share with mighty CÆSAR's all I ask.

CÆSAR.

The power supreme no partnership admits.
Quit the vain thought, believe me CÆSAR ne'er
Shall grace the triumphs of proud CATILINE.
I am your friend, and such I will remain,
But my friend n'er my master shall become.
POMPEY might claim that honour but this arm
Should he attempt to gain it, will oppose him.
Sylla whose valour you possess, whose rage
My soul detests, Sylla enslav'd the state,
But what he seiz'd was to his merit due.
The Hellespont receiv'd his yoke, his name
Made the Euphrates tremble, he subdued
Asia and Mithridates own'd his power.
What have you done? What states, what rivers, seas
Have you reduc'd, what monarchs cast in chains?
What victories have rais'd you to renown.
He who would rule o'er Rome should first have serv'd.
My fate I know not, but should I be forc'd,
One day the reins of empire to assume,
I would not think that victory my due
Till I had rais'd their glory to it's height:
I would be worthy of them and their chains
Cover'd with laurels should inspire respect.

CATILINE.

I offer easier means, what was that chief

That

24 ROME PRESERV'D:

That Sylla who possess'd imperial sway?
 He led an army, I have rais'd one too,
 I have created what he found with ease;
 He of the times avail'd himself and I
 Can make the times conspire with my designs.
 In fine he rul'd and empire is my aim;
 Will you then bow to CICERO's power and live
 His courtier or consent with me to reign?

CÆSAR.

Th' alternative displeases, tis no time
 To counterfeit, the Consul I esteem,
 But neither love nor fear him, thee I love
 Thou hast my friendship but I fear thee not.
 Divide the Senate, the ungrateful pull
 From their bad eminence but never hope,
 That to your empire CÆSAR will submit.
 I'll keep your secret, on my faith rely,
 I'll serve the state, but not betray my friend.

SCENE IV.

CATILINE *solus.*

If CÆSAR will not aid me, let him fall
 A victim to the cause he should have prop'd.
 Sylla his ruin sought, he knew him well:
 Before that powerful genius mine stands check'd!
 I'll do what Sylla dar'd not to attempt.

SCENE

A TRAGEDY. 25

SCENE V.

CATILINE, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS.

LENTULUS.

Is CÆSAR to our cause a friend or foe?

CATILINE.

His friendship offers us but feeble aid.
We'll first make use of him and then destroy,
Supports more worthy we can boast, behold
The heroes who embrace our glorious cause.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, *the* CONSPIRATORS, CETHEGUS,
LENTULUS.

CATILINE.

Approach brave warriors, whose undaunted souls,
Can laws to destiny itself prescribe,
Who vanquish mighty kings and Rome defend.
Come my true friends, who liberty assert;
Shortly the God who seconds our designs
With the worlds spoils your daring will reward,
Till now unhappy victors you have toil'd
To nourish sloth and tyrants to enrich.
Tigranes you and Pontus haughty lord
Subdu'd and stain'd Euphrate's waves with blood
To swell the pride of worthless Senators,
Who basely their supports oppress and great
By your assistance think you recompenc'd

E

If

26 ROME PRESERV'D :

If at distance you adore their power.
 But now the hour of vengeance is at hand.
 I do not to your valour offer toils
 Exempt from danger ; well I know you'd scorn
 Inglorious murder, conquest cheaply won :
 Combats I to your generous hearts propose,
 Go, sacrifice your foes to instant death
 Enter their palaces, strike, burn, destroy
 Those who defend their lives, but oh ! my friends
 Let unanimity and concord firm
 Conspire to make our great designs succeed.
 Our troops now seize Preneste, the remains
 Of Sylla's formidable host advance
 By devious paths from Tuscany to Rome.
 Soon they'll arrive, I'll head the daring band ;
 Without, within Rome shortly will be ours :
 Ee'n at the foot of the fam'd capital :
 A glorious field, Petreius I'll engage.
 There by the rights which victory confers
 We shall in triumph gain imperial sway,
 The throne by Rome's unworthy sons prophan'd
 In their own blood we'll wash, Cassius the gates
 Will open to me—say shall we obtain
 The gladiators and the veterans
 Who now grow weary of inglorious sloth ?

LENTULUS.

Soon as night spreads her veil to hide their march
 Myself will be their leader ; in this place
 For the approaching fight I'll arm their hands.

CATILINE.

Say MARTIAN, have you seiz'd the Celian mount ?

MARTIAN.

A TRAGEDY.

27

MARTIAN.

The guards are gain'd, that quarter is secur'd.

CATILINE.

Do you in ashes lay mount Aventine;
 When Mallius waves his banners in the air,
 The torches at that dreadful signal light :
 Let the proscib'd be massacr'd and first
 Let CICEERO fall victim to your rage :
 Let CÆSAR bleed, on CATO wreak revenge.
 With them the Senate falls and then success
 Must crown our arms. The prudence which so much
 Those conscript fathers boast e'en now gives way
 To our prevailing fortune, in these walls,
 In their own temple, and before their eyes
 At leisure their destruction we prepare,
 Do not begin th' alarm too soon, the blood
 Of the proscib'd should first be shed. Attack'd
 And vanquish'd in one moment let them fall.
 The fate of all the earth on you depends,
 We dont conspire, we wage an open war ;
 We reassume our rights and justly seize
 The conquer'd world whereof we were depriv'd.

[To Cethegus and Lentulus,

You the contrivers of these great designs
 Enter the Senate, view the victims doom'd
 By your brave hands to bleed, again you'll hear
 The Consul's voice, but soon he'll speak his last,
 You noble Romans swear upon this sword
 Which soon in blood of tyrants shall be stain'd,
 Swear all to die or vanquish with your chief.

B 2

CETHEGUS.

CETHEGUS.

We swear it both by Rome and by yourself.

Another CONSPIRATOR.

Perish the Senate——

CETHEGUS.

——May the traitor who

Delays our great revenge, that moment perish.

Let him who hesitates, transfix'd with wounds

Fall by the hands of all our faithful friends.

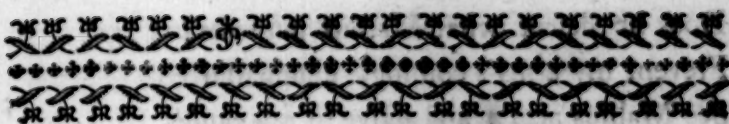
CATILINE.

Come on my valiant friends, this night proud Rome

Shall fall your prey, 'tis Fate's eternal doom.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, MARTIAN, SEPTIMIUS,
and FREEDMEN.

CATILINE.

IS all prepar'd and does our host advance?

MARTIAN.

It does my lord, the faithful Mallius comes

These walls to flames devoted he'll surround:

The necessary orders are receiv'd.

Our eager friends in crowds to slaughter run,

Their courage murmurs at the least delay.

The moment destin'd for Rome's fall prescribe.

CATILINE.

As soon as I forsake the Senate-house.

Begin the sanguinary sacrifice:

With barbarous blood of the proscrib'd this day

This bloody day your hands shall consecrate.

MARTIAN that devious path with care observe,

Least emissaries by the Consul sent

Should pry into our dreadful mysteries.

CETHEGUS.

Perhaps we by a premature attack,

Must in the Senate take him off——whate'r

We purpose he prevents and Rome alarm'd.

CATILINE.

CATILINE.

Does he defeat what Mallius purposes?
 Prevent my army's coming, unappall'd
 See Mallius arm'd and active in my cause.
 And is it fitting I should owe success
 To ruffian violence not victory.
 My schemes are noble as they're well-concerted
 On Sylla's soldiery I most rely.
 When rash adventurers, when men obscure
 Form the rude ties of an unskilful plot,
 One single spring that fails destroys their work:
 But of men cull'd from human kind and such
 As we may boast ourselves, the deep designs,
 Those crimes of daring souls, this chosen band
 Of dauntless heroes and this glorious choice
 Of Mars's sons, whose valour oft subdued
 Opposing monarchs, all these hidden springs
 Which counterwork the Consul's prudent care,
 A fire which shortly in a blaze shall wrap
 The Alps, the Apennines, the East and West
 Which Rome itself shall nourish, nothing quench
 On this our fate depends, what need we fear?

CETHEGUS.

Say is Preneste by our party gain'd?

CATILINE.

'Twas my first step and the severest stroke
 Which by my means the Consul has receiv'd
 Whilst Nonnius sinks oppress'd beneath my power
 I spread abroad a rumour that himself
 Was the contriver of the whole design.
 By many of the Senate tis believ'd.

Before

A TRAGEDY.

81

Before true information is acquir'd,
 Before the Senate in debate so slow
 Perceives the snare I've laid for it ; my host
 Shall enter Rome and then the world is ours.
 'This I may hope, but in our enterprize
 The perils which I can unmov'd behold
 Would shock too much AURELIA's tender breast.
 No object which may touch our souls, should here
 Remain, from Rome my wife and son I've sent
 And thus deliver'd from that tender care.——

S C E N E II.

CATILINE, AURELIA, CETHEGUS.

AURELIA with a letter in her hand.

Read here thy destiny and mine, thy guilt
 And sentence—read this letter——

CATILINE.

——What rash hand ?——

I see it is thy father's character.

AURELIA.

Peruse the letter——

CATILINE reads.

*My life has been protracted too long, a daughter whom
 I love will shorten my days, I am severely punish'd in
 my old age for having weakly consented to a destructive
 marriage ; I am inform'd of the execrable designs of
 your husband : Cæsar who has betray'd us has attempted
 to seize Preneste, you have help'd to promote their de-
 testable*

testable treason, ungrateful girl repent or perish with them.

To Cethegus.

But how could Nonnius penetrate designs
Which to the Consul still remain unknown?

CETHEGUS.

This may prove fatal.——

CATILINE.

——It may help our cause.

[To Aurelia,

'Tis now no time to feign, declare the whole.
I've rais'd an army in my own defence:
Will you in such a dreadful day prefer
A father to a husband who implores,
For the last time implores your friendly aid.

AURELIA.

What do you ask then?——

CATILINE.

——That henceforth my fate

May be the only object of your care
Assume more noble sentiments, such zeal
As Marius' wife or Sylla's would have shewn:
Know that my army which with silent steps
Approaches, in an hour will be arriv'd.
Then let the consort of Rome's chief betimes
Learn to enjoy the honours due to power.
Go hence and to the heroes bear my son
Destin'd one day to shine in glorious war;
Nor ever to these hated walls return
Till you return to reign and I am lord.

AURELIA.

AURELIA.

Tis then decreed that Rome this day must fall.

CATILINE.

Yes this day on my foes I'll wreak revenge

My plot is now mature——

AURELIA.

———Begin by me :

Such murder is well worthy CATILINE.

Strike, by thy hand I'd rather fall base man

Than live the partner of thy horrid crimes.

CATILINE.

Dear wife with resolution arm thy mind.

CETHEGUS.

Plunge not a friend, a husband in despair,

Our measures now are ta'en and diffidence

May overturn our well concerted scheme.

AURELIA.

The moment that my easy heart receiv'd

The poison of your counsels seal'd my ruin ;

You have seduc'd me, to your black designs

Averse but led astray by passion's force ;

And it inhances your atrocious crimes

To have prophan'd the sacred power of love.

In all the blindness which my soul deplores

A ray of reason still affords it's light,

And makes me blush that your detested art

Could thus my weak credulity abuse.

From love my guilt took rise, but I no more

Will with a traitor's impious views conspire ;

I here renounce thy vows, thy faith, thy love,

Strike this devoted breast and drag thro' Rome,

Drag midst the flames thy rage prepares to kindle

F

Thy

34 ROME PRESERV'D:

Thy dying wife—be that thy first exploit.
 With me the hapless infant sacrifice
 Which angry Gods have granted to your prayers.
 Least the curst knot which now unites our fate
 Should leave in Rome a son like such a fire.

CATILINE.

Is this the tender love you swore to me?
 Do you take part then with my foes declar'd?
 In the most just and glorious war that e'er
 Fix'd the world's fate, when I defy at once
 The stern CATO, POMPEY and the Consul,
 Must I find still more enemies at home?
 Must notions vain which a weak fire instill'd
 Into your infancy against me arm
 My wife and make her mingle threats with fear?

AURELIA.

I threaten guilt but tremble for thy life:
 My passion o'er the transports of my rage
 Prevails—abuse not such an ardent love.

CATILINE.

This timid language much provokes my scorn,
 Speak not to me of terror or of peace.
 Such words insult me; tho' I love thee well
 Think not that I will ever sacrifice
 To love's seducing power my generous friends,
 My schemes, my party and imperial sway.
 To a bright diadem your feeble eyes
 You dare not lift, judge therefore of my love
 Since what you durst not hope for I bestow,
 But know——

AURELIA.

——The crown to which thy soul aspires,
 Object.

Object of scorn to each true son of Rome
 I'd tear with indignation from my brow
 And spurn the hated emblem of disgrace.
 Do you hear this unmov'd, and can your love
 Let me insult you with impunity?
 Thy wife should fall first victim to thy rage!
 Whose love would stop thee in the road to guilt,
 I fly this moment——

S C E N E III.

CATILINE, AURELIA, LENTULUS, CETHEGUS,

LENTULUS.

——All our hopes are now
 Blasted and ruin o'er our heads impends.
 What do I hear, her father is in Rome.

CATILINE.

Does then Preneste yet remain untaken
 Is Nonnius of our enterprize inform'd,
 One of our confidents has been surpriz'd
 And on the rack has told our whole design.
 Our views are known and all defence is vain,
 Nonnius will soon accuse me; CICERO
 Already knows too much, no hope remains.

AURELIA.

Behold the fruit of thy enormous crimes,
 These are the great designs that ask'd my aid,
 Thus end your hopes of empire and a throne!
 Are your eyes open'd! are you undeceiv'd?

CATILINE.

This change of fortune takes me unawares;

Dost thou betray me?——

AURELIA.

——So perhaps I ought,
My country calls for vengeance, and the Gods
Would such a deed approve, but still my heart
Not always by my sex's weakness sway'd
Would fain reclaim thee and preserve us both.
Free from thy fury I thy courage boast:
Love makes me brave; the danger I foresaw:
It now is come, I'll share it with my spouse;
I'll to my Sire and by persuasive art
Force him to save thy life or take my own;
His love for me will strongly plead thy cause
And make the rigid patriot relent.
I'll to the Consul terms of peace propose:
The Consul fears thee and the Senate loves,
CÆSAR supports thee, all respect thy name
And gladly will believe thee innocent:
They easily find Pardon who are fear'd.
With heart sincere repent of all that's past;
Repentance only can preserve you now;
It shocks your pride, but may from ruin save:
But I'll procure thee time what'er befall
To quit the city or defend thyself.
Tho' black thy crimes, I all reproach forbear,
Distress'd I'll serve whom guilty I lov'd
I'll die to save thy glory and thy life,
Farewell and firmly on my faith rely:

CATILINE.

Beset with dangers what shall I resolve?
AURELIA stop, fate changes, so must I,
I yield; your arguments have touch'd my heart:
Remember

A T R A G E D Y.

37

Remember that you'r bound by stronger ties
To love your husband than revere your Sire.

AURELIA.

I ev'ry duty will discharge at once,
I'm daughter, wife and citizen of Rome,
I'll act as such, and let it be thy care
To imitate a conduct pure as mine.

S C E N E IV.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS, FREEDMEN.

CETHEGUS.

No, thy undaunted courage ne'er will bend;
By opposition yet more dreadful made,
Altho' Preneste's lost, tho' w'ere accus'd,
We may become the masters of the state;
We'll shake it's safety tho' in dungeons bound:
So many men of note espouse our cause,
Our party is too powerful to be quell'd.

LENTULUS.

Before the signal we may be surpriz'd:
At midnight when the Senate is dissolv'd,
Our party is to meet and strike the blow,
What must we do? ———

CETHEGUS.

———You tremble CATILINE,
And silence has seal'd up your pallid lips.

CATILINE.

I shudder at the stroke that Fate requires.

LENTULUS.

LENTULUS.

I hope but little from AURELIA's aid,
To fall with glory's all that now remains.

CATILINE.

I watch the moments, I with a careful eye
The place contemplate, whilst AURELIA pleads
My cause and tries to gain her rigid Sire,
His rage must be suspended for a while;
The Consul elsewhere is detain'd, my friends
All may be well, let not your courage droop.
Convey with speed the instruments of death,
At once the Freedmen, Slaves and Ruffians arm.
From the repository under ground,
Bring forth the store of arms I have prepar'd.
Prudent Septimius, Freedman brave and true,
Thee MARTIAN whom an equal zeal inflames,
Observe with care AURELIA and her Sire;
And in the moment that you see them part,
Accost the father, of his daughter speak,
Both for his family and him display
Much zeal, thus lead him to the path obscure
Which joins the road of Tibur, sudden then
The favourable moment seize and plunge,
Your daggers in his heart—what do I see!

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

39

SCENE V.

CICERO, CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS,
FREEDMEN, LICTORS.

CICERO.

Stop thou audacious, stop thou guilty man ;
What dost thou meditate ? CETHEGUS speak ;
Freedmen and Senators why meet you thus ?

CATILINE.

Soon in the Senate you may be inform'd.

CETHEGUS.

Your efforts vain we can with ease repell.

LENTULUS.

Soon shall thy insolence be at an end
And Tullius' son no longer question thus !

CICERO.

Who are these daring, these presumptuous men ?
Are they in rank thy equals, do the laws
Oblige me with respect to treat their guilt ?
And has the state alone a right to quell them ?
Load them with irons, dragg them quickly hence.

CATILINE.

Thou dost subvert the liberty of Rome ;
By seizing citizen's upon surmise.

CICERO.

They share thy crimes and that's sufficient cause :
Dread the same fate, Lictors with speed obey.

CATILINE.

Insulting foe exert thy violence,

Abuse

40 ROME PRESERV'D:

Abuse thy place, the present time is thine ;
But know an after-reckoning remains.

CICERO.

Extort the truth from those fell traitor's mouths,
Their masters soon like treatment shall receive.
I've sent for Nonnius ; thy designs he knows.
I've guarded Rome. Preneste is my own.
Soon shall the world behold thy artifice.
Defeated by my vigilance and care.
I come not to advise thee to repent
But to apprize thee that thy doom is nigh.
Go with thy band of cut-throats, if thou durst,
Amongst the Senators assume thy place.

SCENE VI.

CATILINE, CETHEGUS, LENTULUS.

CETHEGUS.

Must we then sink oppress'd and over-power'd
By his strong efforts must our projects fail,
And must our genius to the Consul's yield ?

CATILINE.

My soul shall to the last defy his power.
He strives his agitation to conceal,
And dives into our projects, but in vain.
Our friends will give him new perplexity,
With false reports they will distract his mind.
CÆSAR's accus'd, the Senate is alarm'd,
Tumult and uproar ev'ry where prevail :

The

A TRAGEDY.

41

The troops of Mallius to the gates approach,
March boldly on and victory is ours.

LENTULUS.

Nonnius will Cicerō's surmise confirm:

CATILINE.

He will not see the Consul, hence with speed,
March to the Senate, speak with confidence
And to my care our common vengeance leave.
Delays are fatal.——

CETHEGUS.

——Eagerly I fly.

CATILINE.

Ye Gods keep griev'd AURELIA from my sight.
Least by her view my courage be suppress'd,
Least female softness should invade my breast.

End of the third A C T.



G

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Stage represents the Place in which the
Senate was to meet.*

CETHEGUS, LENTULUS.

LENTULUS.

THE fathers of the state to Senate call'd,
Now tremble with anxiety and dread,
These fearful tyrants long delay to come.

CETHEGUS.

He who esteems himself Rome's oracle,
Still occupied by unavailing cares,
Now questions Septimus by whom deceiv'd
His measures he retards thro' vain alarms,
Would to the Gods the carnage was begun.

LENTULUS.

I own I fear the spirit of the Senate,
The sacred prejudice of patriotism
That antient veneration which the love
Due to a country always must excite.

CETHEGUS.

The name of Patriot is unmeaning now,
Idly men prate about their countries good:
That zeal which animated ages past

Glow's

Glow, it is true, in stoick bosoms still,
 All others with your enterprize success.
 The Consul's honours jealousy excite,
 CATO has lost his influence, CÆSAR favours
 Our party, Rome must soon receive our yoke.

LENTULUS.

But how fares CATILINE? Perhaps he's ruin'd,

CETHEGUS.

You'll soon behold him wreak a great revenge.

LENTULUS.

Yet Nonnius dreaded even by CATILINE——

CETHEGUS.

My friend break off for look where CATO comes.

SCENE II.

CATO *enters the Senate with* Lucullus, Crassus,
 Favonius, Clodius, Murena, Cæsar,
 Catulus, Marcellus, &c.

CATO *looking upon the two* Conspirators.

Doubtless Lucullus this close conference
 From some affair of wait must take it's rise;
 Crime is impress'd on either front, already
 Treason displays her shameless face abroad;
 The fearful Senate strives to hide its dread,
 But Sylla's demon leads us all astray
 And still the tyrant's power is felt in Rome,

CETHEGUS.

I've heard enough, CATO explain yourself,

G 2

CATO

CATO *seating himself with the rest,*
 The Gods who rule the Senate, the just Gods
 By whom my zealous breast is now inspir'd
 Have sometimes crown'd vile treason with success;
 Beneath a tyrant's yoke our Sires have bent;
 But never yet could hands so mean enthrall
 Men born to rule the monarchs of the earth.
 With dread Conspirators should shake, for Rome
 That never to a tyrant bow'd but once
 May on CETHEGUS and on CATILINE
 Revenge the crimes of Sylla's bloody age.

CÆSAR.

What wouldst thou CATO? Wherefore this reproach
 Muſt thy outrageous virtue ever rail
 And alienate the hearts it might have gain'd?

[CÆSAR *sits down but leaves a vacant place
 between Cato and himself.*]

CATO to CÆSAR.

Over corrupted hearts you strive to reign:
 CÆSAR was still the ſantor of ſedition
 And public dangers ne'er affect his heart.

CÆSAR.

CATO in fields our vigour let's diſplay,
 A meek deportment does become us here.

CATO.

Who can be calm that ſees the ſtate of Rome?
 Oh wherefore Heaven muſt POMPEY be detain'd
 In Africk's climes whiſt troubles reign at home?

CÆSAR.

CÆSAR the place of POMPEY may ſupply.

CATO.

A TRAGEDY.

45

CATO.

The love of Rome inspires that noble soul.

CÆSAR.

I'll be his rival for my country's love.

SCENE III.

The same Persons.

CICERO *entering with Precipitation.*

How can you waste in vain debates the time
When Rome calls loudly for your instant aid ?
Her arms she stretches forth, her seven hills
With slaughter and with ruin are o'er spread,
The dreadful signal is already given
And with patrician blood the streets o'erflow.

CATO.

Gods can it be? ———

CICERO.

——— I had with rapid haste

Together brought a band of valiant knights ;
Secur'd with arm'd men each threaten'd post ;
In person I examin'd those my care
Midst such a dire confusion had surpriz'd ;
Nonnius my friend, that generous, brave old-man,
That patriot in a vile corrupted age,
Came from Preneste to secure the state :
He came to tell me in this hour of horror
The names of all the sworn foes of Rome,
That instant two blood-thirsty monsters plung'd
Their impious daggers in his patriot breast

I seiz'd

I seiz'd on one who fled with frantick rage
 And cut a passage with his naked sword:
 I loaded him with chains and soon I learn'd
 That CATILINE's commands had urg'd him on.

SCENE IV.

The same Persons.

To them CATILINE entering.

The deed is mine, you see the daring hand
 Which has laid low the enemy of Rome.
 My country's cause I nobly did assert
 And gor'd the treachrous bosom of its foe.

CICERO,

Wast thou barbarian? —

CATO.

——Darest thou vaunt the deeds?

CÆSAR.

Lets hear him first, then punish his offence.

CETHEGUS.

Speak CATILINE and silence all your foes
 Silence the babbling of audacious men.

CICERO.

Romans where are we? —

CATILINE.

——In a time of woe,

Amidst the horrors of a civil war,
 Midst flames that threaten to consume the world.
 Midst foes whose efforts I will soon confound
 Even Sylla's kinsmen dazzled by his name

Have

A TRAGEDY.

47

Have dar'd to vie with Sylla in ambition :
 I've heard aspiring Liberty's last groans,
 Seen faction in the Senate, fear in Rome
 Disorder every and CICERO
 Fomenting each suspicion and each fear ;
 Perhaps the Consul pities Rome's distress ;
 He speaks for Rome, whilst I assert her cause,
 I'll prove this day by an illustrious stroke
 That Rome to me is dearer than to him,
 Know Nonnius was the soul invisible,
 The mind that o'er that dreadful body rul'd
 That treacherous band that from the empire's limits
 Extended even to the Apennines.
 The time was precious and the danger great
 Then I step'd forth and sav'd you from destruction.
 Thus spurius by a soldier's hand was punish'd ;
 Thus by the Scipio's guilty Gacchus fell.
 Who then so just a slaughter shall revenge ?
 Who dare accuse me ?——

CICERO.

———

Traitor that dare I
 I whom you boasted to have sav'd from death,
 Your crimes I to the world will quickly prove.
 Bring forth those Freedmen, let them all declare.
 Fathers behold the hand that all lays waste ;
 He impiously a Senator has slain.
 And can you tamely hear him speak and boast ?
 Will you behold him trample on your laws
 And insolently vaunt his horrid crimes ?

CATILINE.

Will you then Romans suffer my accuser

T.

48 ROME PRESERV'D:

To persecute each worthy citizen?
 Hear secrets to the Consul still unknown
 And learn prudence e'er it is too late.
 Know that within his palace Nonnius hid
 A heap of arms, of lances and machines
 Prepar'd for Rome's destruction.
 If Rome still stands, if still you live secure,
 To me and to my boldness it is due;
 What I alledge may easily be prov'd:
 Give orders Fathers that these arms be seiz'd.

CICERO *to the* LICTORS.

To Nonnius haste and to our presence bring
 His daughter—at the name you'r seiz'd with dread.

CATILINE.

I know no fear, I view with just contempt
 This low expedient of your hate unjust.
 The danger's pressing Fathers, all debate
 Is now superfluous, are you satisfied
 About my conduct and my aims suppos'd?

CICERO.

Romans his guilt requires no proof, for who
 Can think that Nonnius for his valour fam'd
 Would have amass'd that formidable store
 And heap'd up instruments of death, thy rage
 Fear'd even in thy house my prying eyes;
 You Nonnius palace chose your guilt to hide.
 Perhaps his hapless daughter you've seduc'd,
 Detested wretch thy rage has often fill'd
 More families than his with guilt and death.
 Gods why must Rome to villains be a prey?

To the Senators.

De

Do you not see the gulph of ruin gape ?
 Your cause assert or else you strait become
 Accomplices with CATILINE. Or Rome or he
 To day must perish, but a moments left
 Between them to decide and make a choice.

CÆSAR.

We should have proof, alarms will not suffice,
 If in effect these impious arms be found
 And Nonnius' ill intentions fully prov'd,
 Then CATILINE claims honour and respect.

To Catiline.

You see that CÆSAR keeps his word with you.

CICERO.

Oh Rome ! oh country ! tutelary Gods
 Can then a hero back a villain's cause ?
 Do you then act for him you thus defend ?
 You understand me CÆSAR, hapless Rome
 Shall henceforth only dread ungrateful sons.

CLODIUS.

Rome is secure, CÆSAR defends her cause ;
 Who can dissent from that illustrious man ?

CICERO.

CLODIUS proceed, defend the Parricide
 Whose rage is bent on universal ruin.
 This is too much : within these threaten'd walls
 Conspirators alone discover zeal.
 Lo CATILINE prevails, his crimes succeed :
 He sees you, threatens, marks his victims out ;
 And when I such enormous crimes oppose,
 Tis then that CÆSAR speaks of rights and forms :

H

Halt

Half of the Senate has espous'd his cause,
 The Consul's hands are kept from just revenge;
 Nonnius has by the traitors arm been slain,
 Shall not his blood atone the blood he spilt?
 The law most sacred and the first of rights
 Commands us to defend our country, now
 Tis overlook'd, our country is no more.

SCENE V.

The SENATE, AURELIA, CATILINE.

AURELIA

Ye demi-gods upon the earth rever'd,
 You who alone protect the innocent,
 Thou Consul whose wise cares support the state,
 My father speaking by my voice calls loud
 For vengeance, from his bleeding side I drew
 This weapon, whilst my tears bedew your knees,
 Stain'd with his blood, my tongue implores revenge
 Revenge that blood which reeks still on the blade
 Of treason, let the base assassin bleed.

CICERO *pointing to CATILINE.*

The murderer stands before you——

MARTIAN.

———Oh ye Gods!

CICERO.

Twas CATILINE that gor'd your father's breast;
 The horrid deed the murderer avows.

AURELIA.

AURELIA.

My husband! gracious Gods, could then his hand
Deprive of life the father of his spouse!

CATILINE.

AURELIA duty's rigid laws have forc'd
The bloody deed, it sprung from my despair:
Our sacred ties remember, I'm thy spouse.

SCENE VI.

The SENATE, AURELIA, CATILINE, *the chief*
of the LICTORS.

The chief LICTOR.

The dire depository we have seiz'd.

CICERO.

In Nonnius' palace say'st thou?——

The chief LICTOR.

———With one voice

The prisoners accuse him of the crime.

AURELIA.

Must calumny and treason then prevail?
Shall villains who depriv'd him of his life
With vile, audacious malice blast his name?——

CICERO.

Proceed.———

AURELIA.

———Good Heavens to what am I reduc'd!

CICERO.

Speak openly: the truth must be reveal'd.

52 ROME PRESERV'D:

The presence of this parricide has clos'd
Your lips, with down cast eyes you see his dread;
With conscious guilt he trembles—speak the truth.

AURELIA.

I have betray'd you: I'm alone to blame.——

CATILINE.

You know no guilt.——

AURELIA.

——Detested monster hence

Your pity with new horror fills my soul.
Too long in error's paths my steps have stray'd.
Fathers these eyes the horrid crime have seen:
And just revenge is now my only wish.
Danger o'er Rome and o'er the world impends,
And ruin from my fatal weakness springs.
Deceitful CATILINE your guilty art
Has made me partner in your impious deeds.
Perish the day when first my easy heart
Weakly to vile suggestions gave consent;
The day in which conspiring with thy rage
Faithful to thee my country I betray'd
And to a murderer's rage expos'd my Sire.
Behold you sacred walls, revenging Gods
Romans behold the spouse I have obey'd!
Behold your foe, now traitor learn from me
To die and expiate all your horrid crimes.

[She stabs herself.]

CATILINE.

O dire despair!——

CATO.

A TRAGEDY.

53

CATO.

Oh day of horror full !——

CICERO.

A guilty age such horrors well become.

AURELIA.

One thing remains, Consul this note receive,

Assassins hem you in on every side——

I feel death's weighty hand——

CICERO.

Endeavour to preserve her life, the note

She mention'd seek, now bloody CATILINE

Your guilt is prov'd, no subterfuge remains.

Fathers you tremble, rise assert the state

And take the vengeance due for so much blood?

Will you o'erlook at once AURELIA's death,

And Nonnius' caus'd alike by CATILINE?

CATILINE.

'Tis thou hast perpetrated all, thy hate

Relentless still pursues me, still thy soul

Aspires ambitiously to rival me,

Your prosperous fortune to my secret views

Adverse has plung'd me in Destruction's gulph :

The transports of my rage were caus'd by you ;

Thy genius is my foe, I Rome detest

Because thou art her idol, I have pursu'd

Thy ruin and I never will desist :

My loss on thee I will revenge, thy blood

Shall expiate all the blood that has been shed,

With terror perish, die a traitor's death,

Die like a slave who in his flight is stop'd

And

54 ROME PRESERV'D

And punish'd by his master, Rome shall see
The rostrum smear'd all, over with thy blood
And such a sight shall please her fickle sons.
I leave thee with this horrid presage, know,
The moment of your ruin is at hand.
I go to serve as instrument of Fate.

CICERO.

Seize on the traitor.——

CETHEGUS.

——That exceeds your power.

LENTULUS.

Dar'st thou decide when even the Senate doubts?

CICERO.

Oh conquerors of the world you now must chuse
Empire or chains, command or servitude.
Oh Roman greatness how art thou declin'd!
Rouse countrymen from this inglorious sloth
You slumber ne'r a precipice, awake.
LUCULLUS, CÆSAR and MURENA hear.
Rome wants a chief in this extremity:
Equality is made for peaceful times;
The gauls have enter'd Rome, she now requires
The aid of a dictator, name with speed
The man you deem most worthy of the place

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The SENATE, the chief of the Lictors.

The chief LICTOR.

My lord whilst unavailing aid we gave
To fair AURELIA in the pangs of death
We found this letter by her father wrote.

CICERO *reads.*

The state is threaten'd then on every side,
CÆSAR betrays us and prepares to seize
Preneste—CÆSAR what do you reply?
Were you then born to serve the instrument
Of tyrants and your country to enslave?

CÆSAR.

I have a Roman heart, when danger calls
I'm still the first to fly to Rome's defence.

CATO.

I doubt this zeal, the rebels he abets.

CICERO.

Lets make a brave defence; oh Senators
If an unhappy woman's dying groans,
The world in agonies, the cries of Rome
Have in your breasts reviv'd the flames that glow'd
In your forefather's bosoms, quickly run
Run to the capitol, defend our Gods
Oppose the fury of fierce CATILINE,
I will not now reproach you or complain
That of your Consul you were diffident.
You Senators grown grey in Justice' cause

Elect

56 ROME PRESERV'D:

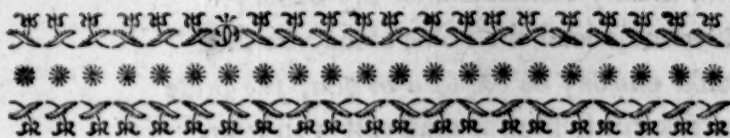
Elect a chief, repel tyranick rage;
 Rise friends of virtue, and vile treason quell:
 Shake off at once the ignominious yoke
 Of party spirit and of jealousy.
 By them the tyrant Sylla reign'd in Rome.
 Wherever danger calls with speed I'll fly
 And brave th' audacious rebels impious rage;
 Second my zeal just, Gods and from their doom
 Preserve the undeserving sons of Rome.

End of the fourth ACT.

4 AP 54



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

CICERO, LICTORS, LENTULUS *and* CETHEGUS
in Chains.

CICERO to the Soldiers.

PURSU E those villains, every quarter search
And load with galling chains their rebel limbs.
The Senate for a day has to my hands
Consign'd dominion, e'er the day is o'er
I'll punish treason and the state revenge :
Senate in spight of thee thou shalt be free.
Thy victims Rome from CICERO receive.
You the accomplices of CATILINE
Whose bloody malice fought the Consul's life,
Who hurried on by crime to servitude,
Who born to be the masters of the world
With hostile weapons in a cruel war
Would spill the blood of citizens to raise
Your equal to a throne and live his slaves;
Wretches expect not justice to escape :
Seize on them Lictors, drag them to their Fate.

I

LENTULUS.

LENTULUS.

I fear not death, but at thy nod to bleed
 With infamy eternal brands my name;
 But tremble least the noble blood you shed
 Should one day be requir'd of you, the pride
 You take in spilling it may cost you dear,
 And even now I hear your doom pronounc'd.

CETHEGUS.

You think our schemes are all detected now,
 You much mistake, your own destruction's sure,
 So many noble Romans who in arms
 Assert our cause, are not to be dismay'd,
 Or seiz'd with terrour for the death of two.
 Believe me such an hardy enterprize,
 Such strokes, the least of which might blast your power
 Retain some force and you may feel it soon.
 As sovereign of a moment lose no time
 Dispatch us, CATILINE will wreak revenge,
 Our Fate concludes but yours will quickly change.

CICERO.

Traitors tis true Fate may be doubtful still;
 The issue you shall never live to see.

[Lentulus and Cethegus are carried out.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

CICERO, CATO, SENATORS.

CATO *to the* Senators.

Your murmurs cease and thank a father's care.

[*To Cicero.*]

O'er the ungrateful triumph, Rome confers
The sacred names of father and support,
And envy's self is forc'd to own your worth.

CICERO.

Romans tis true, my soul for glory pants ;
Of human labours glory's the reward ;
I'll serve the Senate to deserve renown
Who dares not hope for it dares not acquire.
Tho' I assist you in your dire distress,
What I have done is little, much remains,
Torrents of blood roll'd thro' the streets of Rome,
Foes, citizens, Plebeians, soldiers, knights,
The dreadful image to my eyes display'd
Of a sack'd city and a field of blood :
The flame ascending from a thousand roofs
Amidst the combat's horrors serv'd to guide
The fierce Conspirators, whilst at their head
CETHEGUS march'd and LENTULUS, this hand
Has seiz'd them and they quickly both shall die,

I 2

But

ROME PRESERV'D:

But when I wound the Hydra's head, a new
Sprouts up and fills it's place, whilst factious crowds
Swarm every where and menace us with ruin.
Now CATILINE, now Rome prevails awhile,
He marches to the quirinal and there
On mountains of the dying and the dead
Having exerted efforts past belief,
He forc'd his passage, to his army run,
Distracted Rome on sudden took th' alarm;
Antoni^{us} who opposes his designs,
And Sylla's soldiers long enur'd to arms,
Are seiz'd with terrou^r, all their courage fails,
But times like these unusual zeal require,
Petreius vainly strives to give him aid,
Thus on all sides the mistress of the world
Besieg'd without, whilst in her faction reigns,
Is still alarm'd and dreads her final doom.

CATO.

But what of CÆSAR? —

CICERO.

———In this dreadful day
Undaunted courage he has shewn, but Rome
Ask'd other service from a heart like his:
I saw him rout a desperate rebel band;
But with a spirit by ambition puff'd
He strove to gain the people, strove to please
The soldiery and the conspirators.

Whilst

Whilst Rome on ruin's precipice stood pale
His countenance betray'd a secret joy :
His voice seem'd loudly to solicit Rome
To own him for her tyrant, he declin'd
To shed his blood who fills us all with dread.

CATO.

His fierce ambition I with horror see,
I have declar'd my sentiments that Rome
Should CÆSAR ever with distrust behold.

S C E N E III.

The SENATE, CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Still is the Senate on my ruin bent,
Must CATO's virtue still my ruin seek?
Of what am I accus'd?——

CATO.

——To CATILINE

You've shewn yourself a friend, and Rome suspects
All who defend a traitor, Rome suspects
The man that hesitates when he should fight.

CÆSAR.

Such blood would stain the laurels I've acquir'd ;
CÆSAR shall never combat citizens.

CATO.

CATO.

What think'st thou of these rebels, of this crowd
Of traitors ?——

CÆSAR.

——CÆSAR does abhor them all.

When I oppos'd them all their courage fail'd,
But CÆSAR never crush'd submissive foes.
The combat's fury glows, a chosen band
Of Sylla's soldiers by a chief is led
Who breaths revenge, Rome's destiny is nigh,
Petreius has been wounded, CATILINE
Approaches quick to these devoted walls,
The rebels every Roman fill with dread :
Consul what measures do you mean to take ?

CICERO.

The gracious Gods will crown a cause so just ;
Rome with suspicious eyes has CÆSAR mark'd,
I mean to wipe away your infamy,
To save your honour and to save the state :
Still CÆSAR's arm may falling Rome support ;
Your talents and your valour well I know.
I know ambition dazzles CÆSAR's mind,
He aims at empire but he can't betray ;
You'r dangerous, but the greatness of your soul
May even from CICERO claim just esteem.
Be it your care such honour to deserve ;
The world on CÆSAR now has fix'd it's eyes ;
Second Petreius and deliver Rome ;
Strive CATO's approbation to deserve.
You know no rival in the art of war ;

Rome

Rome wants not soldiers, but she wants a chief;
You are most worthy to conduct her bands;
CÆSAR on you depends the Fate of Rome.

CÆSAR.

More confidence in CÆSAR you should place:
At life's expence I'll merit your steem.

CATO.

You add new fuel to ambition's flame.

CICERO.

Greatness of soul our confidence deserves;
By trusting CÆSAR I his friendship gain:
My generosity insures his aid.
Ambition I with treason ne'er confound;
Virtuous or not I'll win him to our cause;
Undaunted courage in the heart of man
Begets great virtues or atrocious crimes.
He who has signaliz'd himself by guilt
By virtue adoration might have gain'd:
Even CATILINE to crimes and rapine bred
Had prov'd a Scipio had he heard my voice.
I doubt not CÆSAR Rome he will defend,
Tho' in ambition he might Sylla match,
His shining virtues give me hope, what now?

[To the chief of the Lictors who enters.]

Comest thou with news of the Conspirators?

LICTOR.

LICTOR.

They have receiv'd their punishment, their blood
 Has rais'd new foes, tho' dead they still have power
 Thus Ætna's fires long pent in earth break forth,
 Destruction soon will spread on every side,
 And should Petreius fail, these walls in flames
 Will soon be wrapt, soon ruin will o'erwhelm
 Rome and her sons with one prodigious shock;
 Another Hannibal attacks us, in his rage
 More dangerous than the first, even here in Rome
 Where he destruction meditates he finds
 Vile partizans to second his attempts.
 Many speak for him, thus his rage without
 Assails us and with powerful influence
 Within he plays the Lord, his genius now
 Prevails and many guilty citizens
 Embrace his party and condemn your laws.
 With treacherous clamours and ungrateful cries
 Of violated rights they loud complain;
 The rebels blood they at your hands require;
 They menace the protector of the state.

CLODIUS.

You should have heard your equals, not condemn'd
 Meerly upon surmise, this violence
 Is what you might expect.———

CICERO.

——Cease CLODIUS, cease
 Your envy and audaciousness suppress.

My

A TRAGEDY.

My absolute dominion soon will cease,
 But I'll assert my transitory power ;
 Hereafter you'll have time to persecute,
 But till the danger's o'er I claim respect.
 I know that man's inconstant, well I know
 The people's favour changes like the wind.
 Scipio accus'd upon suggestion false
 Thank'd Heaven and from ungrateful Rome retir'd,
 I will not such a conduct imitate,
 I'll stay in Rome and strive to prop the state.
 I to Rome's service here devote my life
 And always envy'd will for ever serve.

CATO.

Permit me to appear in Rome once more ;
 To terrify the fierce, audacious crowd
 And by my presence on the rampart check
 CÆSAR whose faith I ever must suspect ;
 And should the force of adverse Fate this day——

CICERO.

CATO your presence will be needful here ;
 Let CÆSAR take the field whilst CATO gives
 A virtuous example to the Senate.
 Its sinking greatness CATO must support :
 But CÆSAR is return'd and Rome prevails,
 Do we our safety owe to CÆSAR's arm ?

K

SCENE

R O M E P R E S E R V ' D :

S C E N E *the last.*

CÆSAR.

I've serv'd my country ; rightly you have judg'd
Of CÆSAR, o'er the foe we have prevail'd ;
Address and valour conquest have secur'd,
We fought to fix the doubtful Fate of war,
We did not on uncertain Fate rely :
The flame of virtue every soldier felt ;
Fir'd by the sight of our domestic Gods
Metellus and the valiant Scipio's
Display'd a courage worthy of their race :
They acted like those sons of Rome whose force
Asia subdued and Carthage laid in dust,
With patriot zeal their country they preserv'd,
Sylla's fierce soldiers prostrate on the earth
Still brave their Fate and threaten fell revenge,
Enur'd to conquest still they menace Rome
And fury animates their dying eyes.
Soon with such potent aid they might reduce
Each realm unconquer'd to the Roman yoke ;
But still our party boasts more valiant chiefs,
Beneath whose force these sons of slaughter fell.
Amidst the carnage haughty CATILINE,
Surrounded by a heap of slaughter'd foes,
Cover'd all o'er from head to foot with wounds
Still fought but by our force was overpower'd.
On mountains of the slain he now expires :
I as a citizen condemn his rage

But

A T R A G E D Y.

But I must own the prowess of the chief.
He was my friend but still in CÆSAR's breast
Honour shall over friendship's ties prevail.

CICERO.

All my esteem to CÆSAR's worth was due ;
Preserve forever that undaunted soul ;
Let Rome in thee the hero still admire :
Let patriot virtue all thy soul inspire,
Gods from ambition free his generous mind,
May Rome in him a new Protector find.

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4 AP 54

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